

esteem; possibly his very weakness lent an added grace to that delicate wit many of us so well remember. His influence, however, had a deeper spring, partly derived from his considerate allowance of the views of others and their wishes, and his abundant sympathy with their pursuits; partly also, that to this happy mental constitution was joined extreme refinement and intellectual culture. Where and when or how he gained his knowledge we really cannot say; nothing would more surprise those who had seen Mr. Brough only under his social aspect to discover the amount of solid learning he possessed. He was an indefatigable reader, blessed with a retentive memory, and the order of his mind was strictly mathematical. The study and practice of mathematics formed his relaxation, to which was owing the clearness of his abstract writing. Still the large heart, with its large allowance for everybody and everything, was the attraction, and it was this that made his home the centre of such widely different people. Angles were wanting in his character, and he spread round him an atmosphere in which quarrels could not exist. He was universally called Jack. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a consecration service would have called him Jack, and so would the Pope of Rome, and both would have loved him. Yet Brough the editor, the chemist and the writer was a very different man from Brough in the character of Charles Lamb.

In the threefold departments mentioned his diligence was only equalled by his success. Think of a man whom no insurance office would accept, to whom Time gave no credit, having been editor of the *Chemist and Druggist*, editor of the *Laboratory*, sub-editor of *Nature*, editor of the *Ironmonger*, and the first elected editor of the Year Book, being at the same time reporter of scientific lectures, and general contributor to the press. Is it wonderful that he too rapidly broke down, that his last arrangements consisted in the constant refusal of work offered, or that, in his own words, I had to abandon many things, and *Nature*, to preserve my life?

"Mr. Brough valued the title of honor F.C.S. appended to his name, particularly as it was bestowed at a period of some excitement, when the election of a Fellow was severely scrutinized. Nothing is to be regretted more than that circumstances forbade him to devote his energies to original research, in which field of study he had so keen an interest, and for whose successful prosecution he was so specially qualified. But recently he became librarian of the London Institution. There his talents, under genial shelter, had full scope for their exhibition. His mechanical knowledge of desk-work, his capacity for attracting men of eminence, his wonderful knowledge and love of books all united in his favor. But the dark shadow that had never left his path drew near—the trembling hand was unclasped, and success, scarcely grasped, fell from it. The future, with its new-born hopes of prosperity and usefulness, was not to be. *Fiat Dei Voluntas*. Farewell John Cargill! very pleas-